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ambassador. *Embaçador* means "celui qui offusque et noircit:" *Embasador* means "entonnoir," from *Embasar* "invaser," from Lat. *vas*. Presently I observed *Embaxador*, "ambassadeur." Now, in Spanish, *x* and *j* are both pronounced like our guttural *h*. Substituting *j* for *x*, we get *embajador*, from which the transition is direct to *embiado*, "envoyé," from *embiar*, "envoyer." *Embiada* is translated "envoy, mission, legation," &c. *Embiar* again is plainly altered from the corrupt Latin *Inviare*, "to send," which is also the source of the French *Envoyer*, and of our *envoy*.

Latin *Ausculia* produced Spanish *Escoleas*, spies; whence, probably, our *skulk*; also Italian *scoltare*, to listen; and *scolta*, a sentinel, a *scout* in English.—Greek *χρυσος*; Sp. *crisol*; Eng. a *crucible*.—Latin *Faba*; Sp. *hava*, a bean, and also a boil from heat of the blood; Eng. the disease *hives*.

In Ulster, the yellow-hammer, or yellow-bunting, is popularly called *yellow-yorlin*. This seems akin to *ortolan*, from Lat. *hortulanus*: just as *hortus* is allied to *yard* in English, and *gort* in Irish. The Italian *ortolan* is a species of bunting.

As instances of strange metamorphoses of derived words, I may select Sp. *Escarmiento*, for Lat. *Experimentum*; Gr. *κυανγχη*, Lat. *cynanchia*, Eng. *quinzy*, Ital. *squinzia* and *sprimanzia*.

It is generally known that what are called "Jerusalem artichokes" were mis-named from an absurd corruption of *Girasole*, the Italian for a "sunflower," of a species of which they are the roots. But I doubt if the name of *artichoke* itself is commonly well understood. It appears to me to be a perversion of the Italian *carciofo*, which seems compounded from *cardo* (taken from Lat. *carduus*, a thistle) and *ciofo*, which is applied to the carding of wool, done with the teazel, an allied plant.

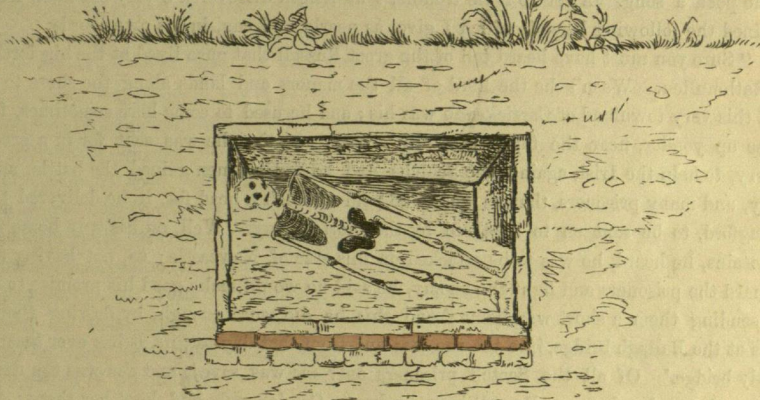
In Spanish, *Alcohol* means, not what it signifies with us, but *Al Kohol*, the antimonial powder used by oriental women for darkening the eyes. This is a striking example of what we may so often observe, the danger of ascribing the same sense or the same derivation to two words in different languages which happen to be identical in sound and writing. On the other hand, innumerable cases occur of the strangest dissimilarities between words undeniably traceable to the same original. Many such present themselves in Spanish and Italian. But I forbear to trespass further at present on your space and your readers' patience.

CELTIBER.

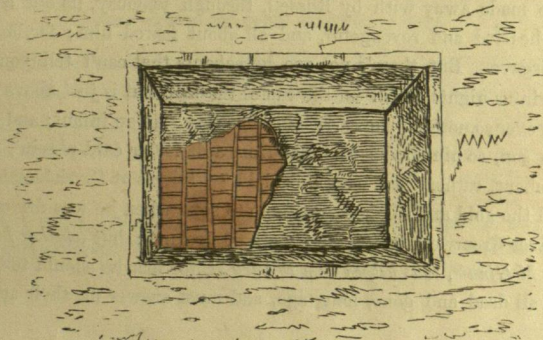
DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT TOMB.

A tomb or grave of a very uncommon description has been recently discovered in the county of Down. Some weeks ago, while a labourer in the employment of Mr. Hogg, of Carrickanab (not far from Dundrum Bay), was ploughing in a field near the dwelling house, the plough struck against a large stone. On examination, this proved to be a smooth slab, and, when raised, disclosed an ancient tomb, measuring 5 feet 8 inches in length, about 4 feet in depth, and more than 3 feet wide. Within it was found a human skeleton, lying in an inclined position. The skull crumbled to dust soon after the air was admitted. Lying at the right hand of the skeleton, were a few small

bones, possibly those of an infant; and near the skull were several very large teeth of some animal. No vestiges of a coffin, either of wood or lead, were visible. The body had been entombed in a reclining position; as, when first seen, the skull was nearest the surface, and the breast-bone sloped downwards. The construction of the tomb itself was peculiar. It was admirably built of flag-stones, cemented together by mortar of extreme hardness, which was more difficult to break than the stone itself. But the most remarkable feature was a floor consisting, first, of *unburnt brick*, on which was placed a layer of *burnt brick*, which formed the foundation supporting the flagged bottom of the tomb. Two sketches accompany this notice; one of which (Fig. 1) is a section of the tomb,



showing the position of the skeleton, which lay on a quantity of fine mould; the other (Fig. 2) represents the tomb, with a portion of its flagged bottom removed, disclosing the brick floor underneath. The bricks were about the same shape and dimensions as those in use at present; with the



exception, that they were about one half the ordinary thickness. A small pipe-drain was found leading from the bottom of the tomb, intended to prevent any water from lodging within.

Being curious to learn whether any traditionary information could be obtained regarding the locality where this grave was found, I made numerous inquiries in the neighbourhood. In the West or South of Ireland, such inquiries would probably have been rewarded by a rich store of legendary lore; but, in this part of the North, the "Ulster Plantation" has swept away nearly all the old traditions. Hardly a relic is left for the antiquary to form a theory, the novelist, a tale, or the poet, a song. After no little trouble, I at length discovered a very old man, from whom I obtained the following legend, which I give, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

"Sure you must have heard tell of the great Russell that once lived at the big forth and castle of Rathmullen. Wasn't he the Lord of all the manors and lands along the shore to Dundrum? And this very townland of Carrickanab was his; and he used to come here sometimes, for he had a house up yonder, near the top of the hill. Well, one time he was sent for in a great hurry to Newry, to help the Irish against the Scotch; and he and his men gained the battle, and got great booty, and many prisoners, that he was to be paid so much a head for, if he delivered them safe at Strangford, to be sent on to Scotland by the shortest way. Well, on his way home through the mountains, he heard he was to be attacked on this side of Newcastle; so, not having men enough to guard the prisoners and fight the enemy, he said he would make good his promise to the Scotch, by 'sending them a short way home;' and this he did, sure enough, by driving them over the rocks at the Ballagh bridge, into the the sea: and from that day to this, it has ever been called 'the bloody bridge.' Of all the Scotch prisoners only *one* was saved, and she was the daughter of a chief, and very handsome. Russell brought her to Carrickanab, and kept her there; for he durst not bring her to his castle at Rathmullen, for fear of his wife who lived there, and was a great lady,—one of the Fitzgeralds. Well, then, it was not long after, that Russell's own foster-brother, Phelim McGennis, fell in love with the Scotch girl; but whether they ran off to Scotland, or whether they were made away with by Russell, through jealousy, no one could ever rightly tell. Russell was hard-hearted and revengeful, and all about feared him; for, as the old saying is, he never forgot nor forgave. But there's not one hereabouts that can't tell you how a white woman has been seen on winter nights, sittin' on the top of the hill that is just above where the grave was found, and wailing over something she carries in her arms, like an infant; and there's not a servant-boy, nor a farmer's son, comin' home at night from a dance or card-playin', or the like, but what would go a mile about, rather than pass this field.* It was at Carrickanab here that the people said Russell hid all the gold and silver he was able to save when he was driven out of the Castle of Rathmullen by Oliver Cromwell, in the ould wars of Ireland; but *whether he did any harm to his own blood relation, McGinnis, that helped him to bury it*, for fear he should tell where it was, I will not say: they are all dead and gone, long ago, and must answer for their actions, good and bad, to their Saviour."

C. A.

* This is actually the fact.